ſtand by too and ſuffer euery Knaue to vſe mee at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure : if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie Knaue : pray you ſir a word : and as I told you, my yong Ladie bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid mee ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe : but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a Fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauiour as they ſay : for the Gentlewoman is yong : and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and verie weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtris, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much : Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke mee?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you doe proteſt, which as I take it, is Gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this afternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Fryer *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhriued and married : here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a pennie.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my Conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie and Ile quite thy paines :
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtris.

Nur.

Nur. Now God in Heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.

Ro. What ſay'ſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keepe counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Ladie, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Nobleman in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay Knife aboord : but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a Tode, a very Tode as ſee him : I angerer ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the propereſt man, but Ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall World, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a Letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker that's the Dogges name. *R*. is for the no, I know it beginnes with ſome other letter, and ſhee hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would doe you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times. *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo :
Oh ſhe is lame, loues Heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Sunnes beames,
Drining backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hils :
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the winde ſwift *Cupid* wings :
Now is the Sunne vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,
Shee would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,

 My